

You Can Call Me Al

Dear Editor,

Please allow me to respond to Professor McGregor.

Nice try, Al. (May I call you Al?) But it wasn't me who used the word "nominally" in my previous letter; it was whoever transcribed my letter — the same person, I assume who transcribed your *caput copula*. I used the word "normally." So, in that sense, I suppose we're even.

Now for the news flash: Latin is no longer the *lingua franca* that unites the community of scholars worldwide. Most modern scholars no longer consider a reading knowledge of Latin a necessity. Like it or not, that's the facts [informal grammar intended — I'm trying to avoid a tone of "truth-trumpeting virtue" — jeez!].

No, "Al, I'm not asserting that English or French "as we know it" could exist without Latin. That would be stupid. I'm asserting that such influence does not justify your statement that "Latin is the mother tongue of us all." Al, you didn't even say a mother tongue; you said *the* mother tongue!! You gotta admit that was overstating the case. And in your most recent epistle you compound the absurdity by upping the ante to "Latin Christianity" having been the mother of us all. I wonder how Laurentian's Native, Jewish, Islamic, and African students feel about that. And don't drag out that old "political correctness" bogey-person. Simply insisting that we consider everyone's background before making rash, sweeping generalizations about "our" intellectual or spiritual heritage doesn't make one a knee-jerking automaton, now, does it, Al?

Actually, I share your hope that I may "live long and prosper" enough to encounter a student who objects to her diploma in English. It would be a welcome sign that monolithic assumptions about the superiority of one culture over another are crumbling. We should both live to see that, Al. I think we'd learn a lot.

Susan Dobra
English Department

And Here is My Final Response!

Dear Mr. Robson:

Actually I'm not half as misguided as you would like to think I am. You have to admit that prior to my letter, (and the others) that the residences U.C. in particular were absorbing a considerable amount of verbal abuse. I will admit that some of my comments were a little harsh, but at the time we in U.C. were very upset.

With regards to the title of my letter it was merely a tool to attract attention; apparently it did. If you were to closely scrutinize my letter you would have seen it was also pointed in the direction of Chris Land. I have no quarrel with the off-campus students, although I, (and many others) do not for one second believe that LOCS represents 1/3 of ALL off-campus students. As to Kevin and Peter, (Chris Robson you were correct they were certainly mistaken) you should be more careful of what you say and the way you say it next time.

In closing I would like to say that I am not issuing an apology, but merely a response. As for Chris Robson, instead of applying at McDonald's I would suggest a course in grammar, spelling, and or writing, as you are obviously not an English major.

Good Luck to Ted next year.

P.S.: Chris this is not an insult, but merely constructive criticism.

Chris V. Barnes

Adieu and Hello to Mr. Land

Mr.Land:

In your attempt to "create controversy in Lambda", you have attacked some innocent people. Your staff, whom I admire for putting up with your whinning, and your readers, who now read Lambda solely to see who you will attack next.

Why have you insisted on classifying ALL University College Residents as "morons" and now "clowns"? Sure, we will all agree that there are a few but you apparently only associate with these few.

If Ted Clarke and Mark Green are such "clowns", how did either of them ever become President of the SGA?? Instead of cutting up these guys, why don't you use your "knowledge" to give them some positive criticism and help this University, instead of using your power as Editor-in-Chief to harm it?

Why do you assume that the phone call you received was from U.C? It could have been any one of the thousands of students who attend this school. Also, you don't seem to like U.C., so why are you affiliated with it? By the way, Ted Clarke is President of the University College Resident Council, no University College Council (which does not exist any longer). The U.C.R.C. controls only the money of its residents, not the money of those students who live off-campus. (Just for your information).

Also, while your taking that "knife out of your back" take the soother out of your mouth and GROW UP!! It's no wonder you did not get re-elected, your staff is probaly sick of your whining and bullshit.

It is my sincere hope that you use the letters you will receive (I'm sure mine will not be the only one) to help you understand that it is not LOCS, Ted Clarke, Mark Green, the SGA, U.C. or your staff. You should blame Yourself. I hope that you find something to occupy your time next year. (Learn from your mistakes)

Good Luck. (You'll need it)

Charlotte Watson
University College Resident

Buffy the Rabid Poodle

Dear Editor:

Why are the rugs in SSR brown? I hate the colour brown! Why aren't they red? I like the colour red. I always run out of hot water when showering. Why doesn't the Residence do something about it? Why is it so expensive at the cafeteria? I can't afford those prices! The beer at the pub is too expensive. I think that it is an infringement on my right to drink and should be changed under the principles of the Charter. The library is too hot. I feel uncomfortable while studying. Why do certain people feel no responsibility after destroying borrowed equipment? Why did Chris Land put his hairy ass on the front of the Lambda? I'm still having nightmares because of it.

Are you starting to get the picture citizens? I thought I would write something that would fit well in Lambda so here it is. A multitude of complaints. I've noticed over the year that in every issue of Lambda a large percentage of the material consists of people's complaints. "Cher Pierre is sexist", "Chris Land is an asshole", "most men aren't sensitive to a women's needs", "my diploma 's in latin", ect... I've got just one thing to say to all you goddamn complainers out there. CHILL OUT! Go for a walk, have sex, smoke a joint, I don't care! Just do whatever it takes to relax. Is it really that bad? Will your life actually end if you read one more article of Cher Pierre? If there is latin on your diploma will you not be able to figure out what you graduated with?

Don't get me wrong. There are circumstances where rebuttals and complaints are justified but hey, RELAX! Don't waste paper with insignificant complaints that nobody really gives a shit about. Write a poem. Write about the constant struggle between the individual and the state. Write about your first love who was killed by a rabid poodle and reflect on the irony of her name being Buffy. Write about anything that might generate some interest and thought.

Believe me when I say "Its not that hard to get an article published in Lambda>" Put a little effort into it and you can have a piece published easily. Just think, you can brag to your friends about your superior writing abilities and make mom proud. I know it's a little late in the year but I call out to you, the students of Laurentian. pick up a pen and write an article for Lambda. Let's make these last few issues something worth reading. And remember, NO COMPLAINTS!

Jamie Contois

The Subversive Dr. Voth

Peter M. Zwarich

As I rode onto the driveway with my locked house approaching, I noticed the newspaper in the mailbox. Keyless and with no alternative entrances to exploit, I sat on the cold cement stairs and read the paper.

My day so far had consisted of sleeping in and a trip to campus via my bike. In keeping with the unintellectual events of the day, I sifted through the sports section to check up on the Leaf's and read half of the comics.

With the door still locked I was forced to continue reading. I read the comments of a Dr. Arnold Voth regarding euthanasia. "We must discuss mercy killing or we too will follow the Dutch and eventually the Nazi path" was what Dr. Voth spoke to a crowd of pro life advocates. He went on to say that "As physicians we were trained to always nurture life and never ever presume to take life."

After reading these comments, I forgot about the house, the key, about sitting alone on the steps. It infuriated me to think of what this guy was all about. The Hippocratic oath was devised long before the advent of science and technology. The life he speaks of preserving, and perhaps forcefully preserving is a life which exists only on the screen of a monitor. Is being alive with the aid of mechanical lungs considered living? Is being alive but never being able to share yourself with your loved ones really living? There may be some facet of life experienced in that hospital bed but science has yet to inform me of it.

Dr. Voth then proposes leaving this individualistic matter of choice to discussion with his colleagues before society starts to dictate what they, as physicians should do. What does this man, an ordinary man, think his status as a doctor is? I think some doctors have to

start realizing that they are not omnipotent gods of society. Society dictates what society wants, not doctors, especially not shortsighted ones.

If Dr. Voth thinks that mercy killing and euthanasia are on the same level as Nazi murdering, he obviously does not think very highly of the intellect which once led Canadians to war with the Nazis.

This article rehashed an episode a friend of mine had spoken of. At a Toronto hospital a patient remained on life support against the will of her family. A legal battle ensued and was being fought with no progress being made. Finally the hospital being in need of a bed pulled the plug. Can a more blatant contradiction exist?? Life is more sacred than such a contradiction. I want to die when my soul, my heart and my body are ready for death. I refuse to belong to any society of Voth-like people who would tell me otherwise.

Filler from Edgar the Eminent One

Mr. Reid! How very nice to hear from you again. It's been quite a while since you've blessed *Lambda* with an article be it concerning myself or anything else for that matter. It's really too bad that you didn't take more of an interest, I think you and I could have stirred up some trouble with our printed words.

First of all, thank you for taking the time to write an article and offering yourself up as a sacrificial lamb. Your article was only slightly more meaningful than your first ("Arts Students Strike Back" re: "On Arts and Science"). Second, once again you missed the point. I don't give a flying f--- about what hat size you think I have. Deal with the issues. So what if I have an opinion (attitude?) am willing to argue my point and at the same time attempt to refute and opponent's. I say again, deal with the issue. That's the point of debating, my dear Arts student: support your own position and refute your opponent (I'm getting tired of repeating myself where you are concerned). If one has to rely on loopholes to support one's position, so be it. Take advantage of whatever you can by twisting it to support your position. A History student of your calibre should by now be able to look at an issue, balance the two sides and come up with an independent position and be able to support it.

Another thing, don't go making accusations which you can't substantiate. The goal of my articles has never been to force my opinion on anyone else. It may have been my goal to enlighten some poor unfortunate soul to another plausible approach which they may have neglected to realistically consider in their unbeknowned ignorance (I can toss a bunch of big words around and confuse everybody too). If you're going to make an accusation then back it up (that's a basic essay rule. ts, ts, ts...). Where

is my non-productive contradiction? I'm really not sure that I made one, but of course, you did. As stated in my last article my goal is to stimulate argument. An argument can't occur if an opponent becomes "shamed into blindly accepting [my] Gospel" as you claim that my articles do. It seems to me that if a person can't counter my arguments with some type of constructive criticism, or totally refute my position is airtight and does boarder on the Gospel (nothing like a little blasphemy). There

must be someone out there who can knock me down a peg, you Mr. Reid fail miserably. Perhaps Alex could help you. No way! He'd probably just support my narcissistic attitude. Inclosing Mr. Reid, unless you are willing to go head to head against me, on paper, are willing to deal with the issue, not your disdain for my person, techniques or attitudes, don't bother writing another "little outburst". It would only be considered "Reid's filler".

Michael Edgar



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Frosh Leaders

Another academic year is winding down, but as it does, plans must be made to enhance the upcoming year at Laurentian. LOCS/EHCL, an organization for Laurentian's Off Campus Students, has already begun to discuss ways to improve the Laurentian experience for the 92-3 school year.

In order to realize these ideas we need student support through an active membership to promote our cause. Frosh Week, which kick starts the year's events, is already in preparation. The LOCS/EHCL council would like to encourage past, present, and future members to stay involved. One way of doing this is to volunteer as Frosh Leaders. These Frosh Leaders would welcome off campus Frosh and show them a safe and fun time at Laurentian during an eventful week.

LOCS/EHCL is also looking toward establishing a telephone committee. This committee would be responsible for communicating to the members upcoming events. Interested individuals willing to volunteer their time to LOCS/EHCL should contact the members of the executive.

Becoming involved would be a great opportunity for students to give the off campus organization the potential it needs to expand.

IT'S YOUR ORGANIZATION—OFF CAMPUS STUDENTS—GET INVOLVED. Please contact SGA/AGE Office for more information.

YOUR NEW LOCS/EHCL COUNCIL

Steve Langdon (President)
John Woodrow (Vice President)
Kevin Santù (Liaison Director)
Peter Fraser (Special Events Director)
Lisa Mathers (Secretary)



Ian Criswell, CGA, Senior Vice-President, Ontario Branch Bank of Canada
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Canada's Obscenity Law: Progress or Confusion?

By Mark Wallace

The Supreme Court of Canada on February 27, 1992 upheld Canada's obscenity law in the case of Butler vs The Queen. The constitutional question before the court was whether section 163 (obscenity provision) of the Criminal Code infringes section 2(b) (freedom of expression) of the Canadian Charter of Rights and freedoms.

The court in its ruling stated that in any work or material where the portrayal of sex coupled with violence and explicit sex which is degrading and dehumanizing will almost always be deemed obscene. Further, material which is neither violent nor degrading or dehumanizing will generally be accepted, unless the material contains children in its production. "Obscenity" under the law means that a dominant characteristic of a work or material be not only the exploitation of sex, but the "undue" exploitation of sex or of sex and crime, horror, cruelty and violence. The courts have attempted to develop workable tests to determine when such exploitation of sex is "undue".

The first of these tests called the "community standards test" is concerned with not what Canadians think is right for themselves but whether they would object to others seeing the work or material because to allow them to see it would be beyond the contemporary Canadian standard of tolerance. The second test is called the "internal necessities test", which focuses on the artistic purpose or the literary merit of the work in question. These tests seem to work well when nine of the best legal minds at

the Supreme Court of Canada sit down to decide a case, however, in practical use for society and the average citizen, they fail miserably.

Let us consider for a moment the average corner variety store proprietor who receives an order of magazines, or our local video rental store who receives a new shipment of films. Must these people now become experts in the law to ascertain their legal rights? Must they conduct surveys to seek the community standard of tolerance for every magazine or film? How should they be able to interpret the artistic merit in the product, if any? Is our campus grocery store breaking the law by selling some of its magazines? The law says that ignorance of the law is not a defence, yet how can we logically expect society to know when they are breaking the law, when the law is so vague and difficult for the average citizen to apply?

For instance, in a 1991 case R. vs Emery, Mr Emery was charged with illegally selling an audio cassette entitled "As Nasty As They Wanna Be" by the musical group "2 Live Crew", contrary to section 163 of the Criminal Code. The judge in the case concluded that "the tape had no redeeming artistic, cultural or social value and that it portrayed women in a degrading and dehumanizing manner". Further, "the tape exploited sex and exceeded the community standards of tolerance". The problem here, is that it could be argued that a different judge could have ruled that the tape although maybe exceeding community standards, had some artistic merit so as to save the selling of the tape

illegal. Consider the case in 1962, when the Supreme Court of Canada ruled in Brodie vs. The Queen, that the masterpiece novel "Lady Chatterley's lover" by D.H. Lawrence was not obscene material because any objectionable passages within it, were counter balanced by the desirability of keeping intact the work of a writer who was regarded as a great artist by teachers, authors and critics.

The problem of reconciling between whether the "community standards test" and the "internal necessities test" must both be satisfied in any given situation, or whether only one test is sufficient, is still a problem even specify the relationship of these tests to each other. The confusion still remains, therefore it may be said that we have not actually gone anywhere with this decision. Ultimately, the "community standards test" is left open for the judge to decide what it is in any given case and depending on the judge, it may be applied more strictly or more lenient depending on her/his experience or opinion. Another issue can be raised: can a community standard exist in a pluralist multi-cultural society like Canada?

Section 163 of the Criminal Code is aimed at preventing harm to society, and I feel that the Supreme Court did a good job at upholding the laws moral objective through its interpretation of "obscenity", but I still see too many questions still unanswered in trying to apply the law as effectively as possible. I suppose, that this issue of obscenity/pornography will fall into the pile along with the other hard cases of society today.

The Green Death

by Kim Malone

As far back as I can remember, my father had always been a heavy smoker. When asked what kind of cigarettes he smoked, dad would reply, "The Green Death". To those non-smokers this means Export "A", which comes in a green package. I've been told they are extremely strong tasting, there is 1.3 milligrams of nicotine, 15 milligrams of tar, and 16 milligrams of carbon monoxide per cigarette!

During the past summer my father had discovered a lump in his throat. At the time it was of no big concern, he rarely got sick. Months had passed and the harmless, lump was growing at a rapid rate. Like myself, dad would do literally anything to stay away from a doctors office. Naturally, in this situation, father was forced to go. After my father's throat was poked, needled to death, pinched and scraped, they finally discovered it was the "BIG C". Cancer had taken over half of his lymph node and salivary gland within his throat. The operation had been scheduled for mid-March. However, father's cancer was removed during the Christmas holidays. By the time the operation took place, the lump was ten times the size.

I could see my father's fear creeping in his face the night before the surgery. Coming from a man who never shed a tear, it was horrifying. You could tell he must have smoked five packs of cigarettes that day. His fingers were so brown and yellow from nicotine. Meanwhile, the doctor told us it was a minor surgical procedure, a mere hour is all it would take. Having connections at the local hospital, I was able to find out everything that was going on during surgery. Four and a half hours later, dad was placed in the recovery room. They discovered that the lump had been malignant, meaning the cancer had spread from somewhere else within his body. More tests were required right

away. Sometimes I wonder if dad went through more pain with the tests, than the surgery itself.

When it comes to blood and gore, I am one of those people that always passes out! It is just so abnormal and grotesque, that fainting is the best method to get out of the situation. Nevertheless, I vowed to be strong in front of my father.

Creeping into the room with my heart racing ahead of me, I saw the bed where father lay. He was fast asleep so if I passed out, no one would see! Taking a deep breath I faced the challenge. Dad had exactly thirty-six stitches in his neck. From the tip of his earlobe, to the middle of his throat he was covered with thread. A small draining sac ended the little pattern. Father was supposed to be released that day and placed on a home care service. If you are aware of the cut in the hospital budget, this is the way they handle most operations now. Since dad was too sick and drugged to move they kept him there an extra day.

Two months after the surgery, the doctors were still trying to figure out where the deadly cells were spreading from. A decision was finally made to start my father on a therapy program. This program consists of chemotherapy and radiation treatments. Only after seeing my father suffer through pain, weight loss, vomiting, hair loss, fevers, severe headaches, drowsiness, mood swings, depression and much more, can I grasp an understanding of what cancer is all about. * * *

If you are interested in information about the kinds and effects of treatments for cancer patients, please contact the CANADIAN CANCER SOCIETY SUDBURY AND DISTRICT AT 674-0123. I know there are many of us that have been through the same problem or are a victim of this dreaded killer. * * *

After thirty-four years of smoking, dad quit cold Turkey.

Do you have trouble with intimate relationships?
Do you cling to relationships because you are afraid of being alone?
Do you constantly seek approval and affirmation?
Do you fear criticism?
Do you still feel responsible for others, as you did for the problem drinker in your life?
Do you care for others easily, yet find it difficult to care for yourself?
Do you isolate yourself from other people?

Do you respond with anxiety to authority figures and angry people?
Do you often mistrust your own feelings?
Do you find it difficult to express your emotions?

Adult Children Group
Al-Anon Family Group
Laurentian University
R.D. Parker Building
date: Sunday Nights
time: 7:30p.m.
location: Student Centre

Et la justice bordel

Carol Ann et Denis Demers

Nous écrivons et remettons cette article, après nous avoir informé auprès des membres de l'A.E.F., au *Lambda*, pour cause de plusieurs étudiants et étudiantes ne font pas confiance à l'Original déchaîné pour cause qu'ils ont milles et une excuses, tel que; pas assez de place, qu'ils ont perdu le texte, les textes sont mal écrit, trop long, trop de faute d'orthographe, et que les textes ne conviennent pas à l'idéologie de l'Original.

Autre raison pour manque de confiance des étudiants à l'égard de l'Original, est la censure basé sur l'idéologie des textes, ou l'idéologie personnel de l'étudiant, leur avis personnel et le choix de l'étudiant qui a écrit le texte. L'Original n'accepte que le monde aussi bornée et étroit d'esprit. Donc, il ne peuvent s'empêcher de censurer des textes pour manque d'ouverture d'esprit.

Des cliques!!!

Il y a deux sortes de cliques; les positives et les négatives. L'Original accuse l'A.E.F. d'être une clique, mais si dévouement, engagement, courage, bienveillance, attachement, don de soi, empressément, fidélité et loyaliste égalent clique, ON EST FIER D'EUX!!!. Nous avons plus besoin de gens comme eux qui se battent pour l'intérêt des membres auprès de l'Université, la province et même parmi leur propre membres. De plus, ils n'ont jamais plié au baissage de cul de certaines personnes, pour faire avancer les choses et détruire le status quo qui existait depuis longtemps. Cependant, si notre mémoire n'est pas fautive, il existe encore à l'A.E.F. des mises en candidatures et des élections bi-annuelle.

Par contre, il n'existe aucune constitution ou élection à l'Original. Ils choisissent leur direction parmi les bonnes bouilles de leur amis. Comment un organisme, sans constitution ou élection, peut pointer du doigt à l'A.E.F.? Puisque eux-mêmes se sont plein qu'ils n'ont pas de nouveau monde à l'Original. Nous aimerions bien vivre dans leur monde de rêves et de paresse.

Lors des élections à l'A.E.F. il y avait seulement quatre nouveaux étudiants qui se sont intéressés à faire part. Pour nous, ses étudiants sont

et demeurent crédibles et dévoués à leur association. Ils existent trop d'étudiants de nos jours qui critiquent sans action. Comme le dit une de nos expressions folkloriques "... gros parleur, petit faisseur."

Quel honte!!!

De notre part, nous sommes fier et content que l'A.E.F. a su s'acquitter de nouveaux locaux. Anciennement, nous avions honte des petits locaux de l'A.E.F., de l'Entre-deux, et même de l'Original. Maintenant, grâce au dévouement de plusieurs années et plusieurs membres, l'A.E.F. n'a plus peur de s'afficher, dans une mer anglophone. Ils sont fiers et geux de se dire et de s'identifier comme étant des Franco-Ontariens et qu'ils ont l'intention de défendre notre place. Nous avons besoin plus d'étudiant(e)s comme eux, qui sont fiers et courageux de leur appartenance à la culture franco-ontarienne. Ils ont l'intention de prendre la place qui nous revient.

Cependant, certains étudiants, faibles et douteux de leur culture, de leur langue, ont voulu aller se cacher, comme des poules mouillées, dans une salle de classe, éloignée des anglophones, comme si on avait besoin d'une permission des anglophones, pour pouvoir parler en français et de s'afficher comme Franco-ontarien. Quel honte!!!.

Opinions de quelques étudiant(e)s!

Que la première pierre soit lancée par celui ou celle qui croit pouvoir faire le travail des représentant(e)s de l'A.E.F. impeccablement! Si, non satisfait, présentez-vous! Croyez-le ou non, nos amis anglophones, qui ne nous veulent pas tous du mal, ont une expression qui dit simplement mais clairement; "...put up or shut up."

Silvanna E. Xavier

Crystal pressed her tear-streaked face against the second story window of the Student Centre and watched the ambulance race off into the night. When the security guard had told her about Brett's tragic accident in the parking lot she wanted to run downstairs and assist in the rescue. but she was ashamed of herself for lying about her engagement to Wally Blapton, and she felt somewhat responsible for Brett's mishap. As well, she had heard frightening reports that Brett had been crushed beyond recognition by the plastic arm of the parking gate, and she could not bring herself to face her former lover in his damaged condition.

"No, dammit," she hissed to herself, "I must be brave. Even though Brett and I have been treating each other like scum, I still care for him, and I must be there for him in his hour of need." Crystal squared her shoulders, wiped the tears from her eyes and grabbed the keys to her Porsche.

"Arrg," grunted Brett as he clutched his throbbing head.

"Ah, vunderbar," beamed the doctor, rubbing his bony hands together. "You haf finally regained consciousness Herr Stallion. Please lie still and all your questions will be answered."

The doctor finished wrapping Brett's bruised cranium in a tensor bandage and then continued. "You are probably wondering why you were not taken to General Hospital? Yah? That was your original destination, but due to the crowded conditions and staff lay-offs at the local Sudbury hospitals, you were transferred to this clinic instead. Aren't you a lucky little fellow?"

"Nnnrrgg," gurgled Brett inquisitively.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I should introduce myself. I am Doktor Dieter Corgi, ze chief surgeon and bovine specialist here at St. Ignatius Pet Shelter and neutering clinic."

Brett's eyes bulged with terror and he desperately clawed at the restraining straps which pinned him to the examining table.

"Oh no, Herr Stallion," Dieter replied warmly, and firmly shoved him back onto the pillows. "You can't leave now. You haf taken a nasty knock on ze head and I would like to observe you overnight. I'm going to wheel you into kennel number thirteen now. Yah?"

At that moment Crystal burst into the examining room. She was carrying an armful of flowers and a

large box of chocolates.

"Oh look," remarked Dieter. "Someone has come to retrieve you. And it is a good job too, or we might have been forced to put you to sleep."

The doctor noticed Crystal's incredulous look and grinned maniacally. "Acht, it is just a veterinarian joke," he added, and playfully scratched Brett behind his ear.

Crystal helped Brett out of the clinic and eased his bruised body into her car. Dieter handed Crystal a St. Ignatius medical file on Brett, and then passed Brett a milkbone treat because he had been such a well behaved patient. Dieter waved goodbye to them as they drove out of the parking lot.

On the way back to Laurentian University, Crystal confessed that her affair with Dr. Blapton and the *Lambda* columnist had been shallow and meaningless, and they had only been a ploy to enrage Brett's jealousy. She looked over to see Brett's response to this startling revelation, but he seemed oblivious to her presence. Instead he drooled happily onto the leather upholstery

and sniffed industriously at the flowers.

Crystal sighed heavily. The healing process would be long and arduous, but she was positive that Brett would make a full recovery.

She parked the car and escorted Brett into an elevator at the base of the R.D. Parker building. Brett was staring at her with his innocent puppy-dog eyes, and Crystal found that she could restrain herself no longer. As the elevator doors slowly closed, the bouquet of flowers and the sheaf of medical papers slipped to the floor. It was a long ride up to the 11th floor...

Epilogue

A piece of paper from Brett's St. Ignatius file slipped through the gap in the closing elevator doors. It landed in a puddle of melting snow in the lobby. As the paper absorbed the moisture, the ink began to run. Only a few words were legible, "...brain matter... St. Bernard... experimental... Brett Stallion... transplant successful..." And then the entire page blurred into obscurity....

THE END

(then again, maybe not...)

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An Exciting Week in the Life of Kent

By Kent

Over the past year many people have come up to me and said, "Gee Kent, how can I become a famous columnist like you, with my own Lambda expense account and personal entourage? I too would like to have the screaming groupies hurl their undergarments and assorted flavors of jelly beans at me. Please Kent, share with us your words of wisdom, your gems of knowledge, your beauty secrets!"

Yes, the life of a Lambda staff member is a glamorous one, chock full of excitement and adventure and sordid love affairs. I suppose that could bring a tiny bit of joy into your hum-drum little lives with an exciting account of the detailed process that I go through each week in order to bring you this column. This riveting excerpt comes from the pages of my personal, and highly erotic diary...

WEDNESDAY

11:30 am -Decide to write an article on the "interesting" food in the cafeteria. Buy a sandwich for research purposes.

12:35 pm-The sandwich isn't half bad, in spite of the fact that I can't tell if I'm eating egg salad or pastrami. Scrap the story idea and decide to write an avant-garde, politically relevant lunchtime poem:

Lettuce. Green. In my bowl.
Salad Dressings, I'll eat them whole.
Caesar, Blue Cheese, and even Chef,
Stinky-Poo, Garlic Breath

12:37 pm -Re-read poem

12:45 pm -re-re-read poem

12:58 pm -Decide to scrap the poem idea too.

THURSDAY

1:48 am-Wake up in a cold sweat after having a bizarre nightmare in which my body was transformed into a large slice of whole-wheat toast.

3:15 am - Stagger off to the bathroom where the sandwich from yesterday's lunch makes an encore appearance.

8:27 pm- Too groggy to write anything today. Maybe I'll find inspiration tomorrow morning.

FRIDAY

9:15 am- Oh joy, oh bliss! Today is the day that Lambda is distributed! Nipples tingling with anticipation, I head down to Tim Horton's to pick up a copy of last week's article. I flip frantically through the paper in search of my column, but I can't find it anywhere!

10:42 am- With much relief, I finally find my article. Here it is, crammed into a tiny corner on the sports page below the gigantic Pizza-Hut discount coupon advertisement. I happily note that the Lambda typesetters have done a superb job, as usual. This week I can only spot 58 typographical errors, and my column is virtually legible.

10:47 am - I buy a donut and covertly watch the reaction of my fellow students as they read the paper. Some of them settle down with a coffee and an apple fritter and painstakingly read the paper from cover to cover. Sometimes they'll laugh out loud and show the good bits to their friends. Other people are late for class and don't have much time to sit down and read all of Lambda. They hastily munch a donut, grab a copy of the paper, and use it to wipe the shredded coconut and jelly filling from their chins.

11:58 am- Two minutes until copy deadline! Start to panic! In a fit of desperation I scrawl down a few brilliant sentences on the back pages of my anthropology textbook. Rip them out with a flourish and hand them to Chris just as the clock strikes twelve!

12:03 pm- Chris says that he likes my article, but he doesn't understand the parts about the Neanderthal man and the obsidian flake tools...

Thanks to the loyal battalions of Kent fans (all three of them) who always took time out of their busy schedules to read the paper before they used it to line the bottom of their gerbil cages.

I Love you all. And remember, groupies are always welcome.

THE END

Approaching the Inner Circle of Thought

I attended the U2 concert that happened in Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto last Tuesday. I went on a special tour package that included the bus trip there and back and the ticket for about a hundred bucks. So, being on the bus for five hours on the way down I had a bit of to jot down any musing that passed in and out of my thoughts. These focused mainly on the slightly bizarre but humorous people and happenings on the bus, but for now, I want to shift that focus to my experience at the actual concert.

First of all, it's necessary to tell you that I've been a very dedicated U2 fan since their Joshua Tree album that came out in 1987. Even though I came in half-way through their career to date, I have since, become a connoisseur of their earlier works, especially The Unforgettable Fire. In fact, I've got all their albums, a couple of shirts, lots of posters and even a flag with the four of them on it. I've read several of the many books that have been produced about the band, and have been absorbed in learning about their past and the earlier stages of the band's career.

I am a little over it as you can see. But I still didn't realize the effect that the concert was going to have on me. When Bono walked on the stage, I- and the rest of the stadium, went absolutely insane. The rampant lunacy continued throughout the concert, as is typical with bands of this stature, but my hysterics continued in slowly decreasing amounts since that night. Rarely have I ever been brought to such an intensity over something as commercial as this.

In a very basic sense, I am divided over the experience. Both factions within me are extremely satisfied with having had the experience, but there is a division just the same. One part, the part that is instinctive, primal almost, absolutely lost itself in the flashing throbbing, gyrations of the show and of the crowd. While the other, the analytical skeptic, is wondering exactly how it is that I became so completely and easily consumed in a show designed purely to make a huge profit.

You see, I know that these situations exist in order to generate a large amount of revenue. They may serve a purpose by allowing a forum for the artist to express his or her art form, and it allows the public to feel closer to the performer, but overall, everyone knows that the performers are on tour to help promote their

current album. I've always wanted to turn a blind eye to this, wanting to somehow maintain that these guys are the wonderful, true blue heroes that their publicist has indirectly told me they are.

So, I guess what really happened at the concert was that even though I had one of the best times in my life and will always remember it as that, in a certain way, the god-like hero image that I had of these guys got a little smeared when I had to recognize that they are just a bunch of really talented but normal people.

Is this what people call maturing? When idealism gets shaken by experience, the illusions of youth get replaced with a supposed "real" world? I guess I have to call it cynical. I don't think that this tarnished view was anymore "real" than the glossy view.

Ultimately, I think that realizing that these people aren't perfect was probably bound to happen, but I can't let it change the way that I feel about their music. The music means something very personal and powerful

to me, as it does for millions of their other fans. And if I go to another of their concerts, I'll most definitely get caught up in the fervor of the experience and I'll be glad for it.

I still love U2, and probably always will. Knowing that they are human shouldn't change someone completely, and if it does, they've got to wonder what they were hoping for in the first place. But by allowing this transition to happen and still being able to get the same enjoyment out of it probably demonstrates a flexibility, it is much more likely that you or I can reach our own version of it probably demonstrates a flexibility that is very important when interpreting all of life. Because of this flexibility, it is much more likely that you or I can reach our own version of "perfection" and be a similar influence on someone else. Perhaps then they will continue this trend of striving to be more, because they will recognize that they already possess everything that they need to do the same.

J. Bruce Peters

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1. Type of complaint

Academic Administrative Services Residence Other _____

2. Description of complaint

3. Date

Either return to :

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2nd Floor, R. D. Parker Building
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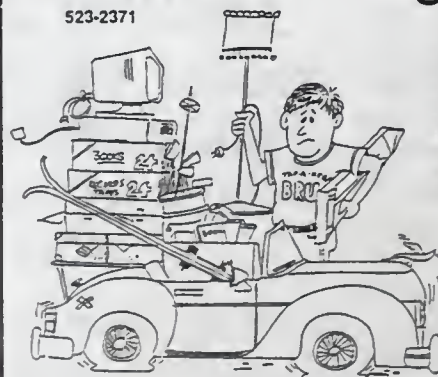
or place in an envelope addressed to the
Complaint Centre

c/o Counselling and Resource Centre
2nd Floor, R.D. Parker Building

*Any solutions/ resolutions to complaints will be
printed in the next possible edition of Lambda or/
ou L'Original Déchainé

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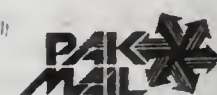
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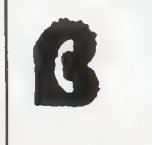
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THE S.G.A. NEWS

&

Campus Report

Wednesday April 1, 1992

Volume 1 Number 1

Celebrating 30 Years of April Fools Days at Laurentian



Mark Green, President of the Students' General Association, contemplates nibbling on Dr. Ross Paul's ear, at the Grand Opening Ceremonies of the New Student Centre. It is speculated that Green was fantasizing about Dr. Paul's underwear colour as Pierre Perrault, the President of the Association Étudiant(e)s Francophone looks on. Perrault was quoted as saying: "Oh Toto! I don't think we're in Kansas any more !"

Please see "Fetish"; Page J

CHER PIERRE BACK FROM THE GRAVE?

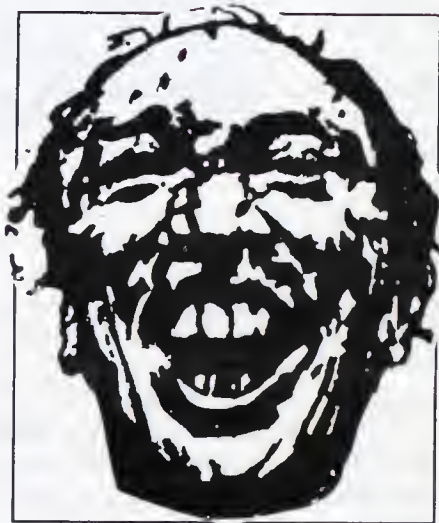
Peter Eater
S.G.A. Press Committee

Sudbury, ON-- That loved, honoured, and cherished municipal treasure, Cher Pierre, is once again back within the pages of LAMB-DUH. Late last Saturday, as hundreds flocked, as per usual, to the grave site of Cher Pierre, the plot was found to have been dug up, and the casket open and empty. At first, it was believed it was the work of teenagers who idolized the old, promiscuous man. People cried and shouted for revenge on whoever would desecrate the sacred resting place of their god-like leader.

When the police arrived, they quickly determined that it could not have been the work of thieves, because all of Pierre's jewellery, including his 18 K gold cock ring was, still in the casket, along with his entire collection of "BIG JUGGS" magazines. Upon closer examination, a testicle was found under the pillow, and a strange sticky "goo" coated the entire ceiling of the casket.

After conversing at length, the police announced that all the evidence pointed only in one direction.

"We have determined, through careful examination of all the gathered evidence, two possible solutions," said Police Constable Jack Meoff, of the Sudbury Regional Donut Security Police. The first is that Cher Pierre had not been dead when he was buried and had lay in the casket for two and a half months in a coma. Due to the very low temperature of the ground, his body processes slowed enough to allow him to recover. When Pierre awoke, he opened the casket and blew the ground right off the top with his "John Holmes" Penis Pump that we found near by. The only other option is that Pierre was using the Pump on himself, and it



built up such a pressure that the casket imploded, blowing Pierre and everything else right out of the ground." The police are leaning slightly toward the second scenario, as it is rumoured that Pierre never went anywhere without "BIG JUGGS" magazine.

When contacted, Bob Onmypenis, the Chief Coroner, said that he "had no statement at this time."

This reporter has concluded that Pierre is alive and well and getting it on in Sudbury as several packages have been received by this office from everyone's favourite advice guy!

Pierre has now submitted an article to this paper via the mail, and it will be printed on page 2. We are very happy to have him back.

Letters to Pierre will be accepted by the Mayors office until September when they will once again be accepted by LAMB-DUH. They should be addressed to: Mayor Jim Gordon, 200 Brady Street, Mail Bag 5000, Station A, Sudbury ON, P3A 5P3.

Please read next weeks S.G.A. News and World Report for an exclusive interview with Pierre discussing his thoughts on receiving the Key to the City.

The Students' General Association's Official Propaganda Booze Rag

LATE NITE WITH JAKE AND L.B.

It was a cold and clammy Thursday nite, a tiny paper filled apartment sits high atop the city (yes it's essay time again). The wise old man is in therapy coping with his nose hemorrhoids, and Jake can now type three words per minute (he's been practicing).

Last Sunday night Jake was happily on his last leg of a two-thousand word essay when the Banana Junior 6000 computer that L.B. sold him decided to take a vacation from reality and sent the essay off into the ether. To say the least, Jake was a little pissed to the off position. Most people would have just stayed up the whole night and re-type the damn thing. Sadly our brave yet incredibly stupid Jake did all of his rough work on the computer, (since he now types faster than he prints-or talks for that matter), and he could not just stay up all night and retype the damn thing. He could however, just go to bed because he had to get up at 6:00 am to unload a truck and return the library books before the library opened. The essay deadline was at 9:30am that morning and there was no chance in hell that he would make it. He gets back home at 11:00am with different books and attempts to write a whole new essay. After three pages, the Banana Junior 6000 has another seizure and so does Jake. (Actually it was more of a heart attack.) It was at this time that Jake seriously had doubts about his entrance into the computer age.

After ranting and raving and cursing the ancient software, and his roommate for pawning such shoddy merchandise off on him, Jake decided to go and buy new software. This was easier said than done. He called all the software dealerships in town, most of whom had never heard of the Banana line of computers, (which by the way is absolutely incompatible with any other system ever invented). The dealers that had heard of it said that the nearest dealer was in Peterborough and they would be more than happy to order the software for him, (please allow six to eight weeks for delivery). Flipping a coin and gently rubbing a razor blade over his wrists Jake then decided there was only one thing left to do- wake up L.B. and cry really really loud until something got done. L.B. had a lot of really good ideas, none of which related to the problem at hand, so Jake just did what he had always done, watch CNN until a story came along that had someone feeling even worse than he was feeling. Thanks to Mike Tyson, the wait was brief. He slipped into Roman mode and wrestled his @*%&&%\$#@ computer back into shape. Staying up for more than 24 hours straight and saving every stinking sentence on three disks, he managed to get to class at 9:30am Wednesday morning with a 5500 word essay on the historical relationship between France and Algeria focusing on immigration. It was 3000 words longer than was necessary but since he was in Roman mode, there was no slowing him down. He also thought that if he had a really thick essay, 27 pages, his tardiness would be forgiven. Boy was he naive! Madame Martin-Guillermehad little sympathy for the procrastinators in her class and when the intrepid Jake knocked on her office door and was beckoned inside he knew he was going to have to come up with a real good story this time. He begged her leniency and asked to submit his work late, he had barely got the words computer problem out when she finished his sentence with; "your printer screwed up and your mother was dying right?" well He had been up this creek "sans paddle" before and looked shamefully down at the floor. He felt really bad because this time he really tried to meet a deadline. She must have seen the hint o' tear forming in his eye because she then told him to give her the paper and get out of her sight before she changed her mind. Jake went home and slept for 16 hours.

Jake would also like to take this time to apologize fully to Mrs. Martin-Guillermehad. "I'm sorry."

L.B.'s not sorry for selling the Banana Junior to Jake, but he should be. Briefly.....

Five Yout's (yes that's how they said it on the news, and no, we haven't seen "My Uncle Vinny" yet) held up a pizza delivery guy at gunpoint on our street the other night. They got away with two pizzas. They didn't go for the car, or any cash. Original speculation had it that we were involved. Come on, if we were going to hold up a pizza delivery, you can be sure we'd take more than two pizzas.

Mike Tyson was sentenced to 6 years in prison last week. His attorney is trying to get him out on bond while awaiting an appeal. His main argument - Mike is a nice guy, he'd never do anything like that again. If I remember correctly, this is only a guy who makes his living beating other human beings into a pulp, and was divorced from Robin Givens 'cause she claimed he beat her all the time. Ya, he's got a good track record, lets let him out.

The Soviet Union (or whatever the hell it's called now) had another nuclear reactor problem this week. Maybe it's 'cause they're actually trying to use their reactors to make electricity now, instead of nuclear bombs.

Presidential Candidate Bill Clinton admitted to using Marijuana in University in a news conference last week. Let's see, he's young, he fooled

around with a half decent looking blonde, he smoked a bit o' dope in University, he's from the south...He hasn't got a chance.

A Russian cosmonaut was finally released from orbit after ten months last week. In a related story...A Russian man was arrested today for solicitation in Red Square "Please lady, I haven't had any in almost a year". In a related story... Soviet Space Program officials are pondering the strange appearance of hairs on one of their cosmonauts hands. Officials said "He was alone for almost a year, with nothing to do, We're really puzzled by this one..."

Tonight's top ten list.
Top Thirty-six or so excuses for handing in essays
late at Laurentian University.

- 36 Snowed in/ battery dead (tied)
- 35 It was the Ides of March, ask Alex.
- 34 Last night the wolves dragged my roommate off into the woods and I spent the whole night looking for him.
- 33 I was beamed aboard the Mothership.
- 32 Does Time really exist?
- 31 Get real professor, I'm a basketball player!
- 30 Cramps/ had a real bad case of the heeby-jeebies (tied)
- 29 Terry McMillan left her bedroom drapes open-Again
- 28 Just can't handle the pressure of a four hour work week
- 27 Rome Wasn't built in one day (see #9)
- 26 Deadline, I thought you were kidding!
- 25 Man, was I shitfaced
- 24 What, I have to solve all the worlds problems, and do an essay, all in one night?
- 23 Accidentally had lunch in the Great Hall
- 22 The thought of Bill Clinton in the White House keeps me awake every night.
- 21 Every time I felt like working on it, the library was closed
- 20 Called as a surprise witness in the Manual Noriega trial
- 19 Honest, the closest place that sells the software I need is in Peterbor ough
- 18 Had one of my spells
- 17 Couldn't get Molson Canadian jingle out of my head
- 16 Distracted by high pitched sounds only I can hear
- 15 Baseball is on T.V. again
- 14 Too busy writing a newspaper column and planning a radio show
- 13 Trapped in Soviet space station, couldn't afford to get rescued
- 12 Spent all night fighting with Domino's guy over delivery time
- 11 War of The Worlds was on A&E, didn't know it wasn't true
- 10 Arrested for parking in handicapped spot
- 9 My advice was needed on matters of National Security - I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you.
- 8 What class is this anyway?
- 7 glitch in program, whenever I type 'x' and 'q' right after each other, immediately switches over to NORAD missile launch command.
- 6 Got carried away at all you can eat salad bar, didn't realize what day it was.
- 5 That asshole, Geraldo Rivera, keeps calling at 4am, trying to get the real story on that \$1300 chair
- 4 Just checking in to make sure you got my paper last week when I gave it to your secretary.
- 3 Didn't think due date applied to fourth year students in second year classes
- 2 Like your going to be able to mark 40 essays in one day anyway!
- 1 The truth...Of course you've heard of the CIA...

Rumour has it that this will be the last issue of Lambda this year, and we'd like to take this opportunity to thank a bunch of people

- Our agent, for getting us this role (whoops, got carried away in Oscar-mania)
- The staff at Lambda, for waiting for this column every week
- Mike Tyson, for giving us something to write about
- Whoever is responsible for that \$1300 chair - same reason
- The great people at CFLR, for unknowingly participating in our media takeover blitz
- The Guinea Pigs with a Mission, for giving us that idea
- The Administration at Huntinton for giving us a good reason to leave, and a good cause to write about
- All of our friends for the support, and/or criticism
- And all of you readers, for putting up with this crap every week

See you next year

From the Top of the Town
Jake and LB
5:45 am

Late Night With Jane and Aunt Bea

It was a pleasantly crisp Sunday night. The moon cast a splendid glow over the clean new snow. Our landlady, the very polite widow Johnson, (did you see what she was wearing at church today? It was just to die.), is recovering from a bad case of the vapors.

A tiny, happy, warm, and easy to afford apartment sits high above Sudbury. Two white female straight students seek twin Adonis' who cried when they saw Beaches and know how to spend a lot of money on a couple of real sweethearts, who also won't call us fat when they get drunk.

Tonight's topic: Jane's first period, or How I bled my way into womanhood.

It wasn't the big thing that they told us it would be in 6th grade Gym class. I went home from school, changed my clothes and noticed a deep red stain in my Holly Hobby action cotton briefs. I felt cheated, no cramps, no gas, not even a foul temper. I figured it didn't count if I didn't have the urge to choke the shit out of some poor bastard. So I got one of my mothers maxi pads, which could soak up a small oil spill, and put on a light summer dress because it was what I figured would be a light day. I walked very rigidly, trying to keep Godzilla's pad between my legs, all the way to Shoppers to get some pre-teen pads. I wandered through the "sanitary paper" section, that the other women were standing around making sure that any man who walked by felt really uncomfortable, and even a bit responsible for "the Curse". There were literally hundreds of brands of plugs and pads and it took me quite a while to finally decide on the RAGgedy Anne brand pre-teen mini-pads. I went home and dealt with "my little problem" all by myself I figured I would not bother my mother about the whole affair and I forgot about it for another 28 days. This time I had bloated ankles, cramps, and the desire to kill a man. My mother saw the box of mini-pads under my stuffed animals in my bedroom closet, snooply Bitch. She asked me why I didn't tell her and come to her for help. Then she hugged me and started crying, and saying things like "oh my baby is a woman now, I'm so happy! Boo Hoo." and all that syrupy crap. I told her it was no big deal, I handled it, I'm all grown up now. I am woman hear me roar! She seemed a little upset that she didn't share in the experience, and I let her tell me everything that my Gym teacher told me the year before. The Curse has been with me now for a few years, and each time I bleed I think of that first time and how I acted like a woman and took care of myself and needed nobody.

Well Jane, aren't you just "little Miss Independent". I would never discuss my first time in a syndicated newspaper column, but I guess that's just me. I would feel much more comfortable talking about knitting or cooking, knowing that thousands of people will be reading this. Just think Jane, you could be walking down the street, and somebody could yell from across the street "Hey, aren't you the one who uses RAGgedy Anne pads?" Now wouldn't that be embarrassing.

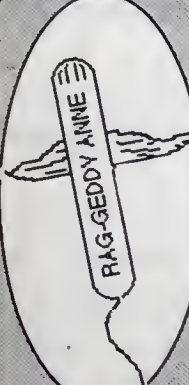
Yes folks, it time once again for Aunt Bea's homemaking tips

- holes in your socks, throw them out, they're not worth mending
- you can kill any bacteria on pots and pans by cooking with them
- serving dinner by candlelight won't show embarrassing stains on your clothes
- leaving the plastic wrap on the cucumber makes it more suitable for consumption later
- Kmer rouge should be used for camouflage in any Feminist Guerrilla Movements
- You can find all kinds of decorating trinkets by going through Mark Green's trash (ie old copies of BIG JUGGS Magazine with all of the pages stuck together, perforated condoms, that missing box of ballots from the last election, RAGgedy Anne coupons, rejected SGA constitutions, etc.)

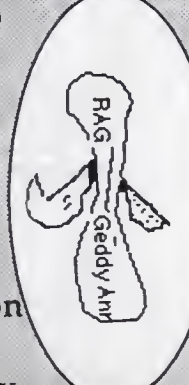
Tonights Top Ten List

"Top ten sports teams or slang terms for menstruation

10. The curse
9. The visitor(s)
8. Period
7. Red Sox / Red shorts (tied)
6. Monthly Reminder
5. The Curse (it keeps coming and coming, there's no stopping the curse)
4. Cardinals / On the Rag (tied)
3. Any team from Tampa
2. Week to Squeek
1. Crimson Tide



Raggedy Anne Preteen Pads & Plugs



50 cents off with this Coupon

1 Free tampon when you say
"I love Jane and Aunt Bea!"

The only company in the business to offer Tampons with Wings
Made from Post-Consumer Recycled fibres.....Don't Ask!

10 REASONS WHY MARK GREEN HAS NOT GOT LAID THIS YEAR

- 10 Too busy dancing around the issues to get his pants down
- 9 He has spent the last two months teaching Ted Clarke to count to 240
- 8 Trying to use Paul Hutchison tactics to balance endless summer losses
- 7 Drawing up reference sheets for Ted Clarke on the best former presidents



quotes

- 6 Too busy teaching Terri personality skills
- 5 Too busy helping Dan through puberty
- 4 Too busy refilling his oxygen tanks after meeting with Paddy
- 3 Too busy to figure out which bus takes him to the pharmacy for the condoms
- 2 Laurentian omen are too smart for him
- 1 Too busy reading the LU calendar to see if there is a maximum number of years allowed to complete a B.A.

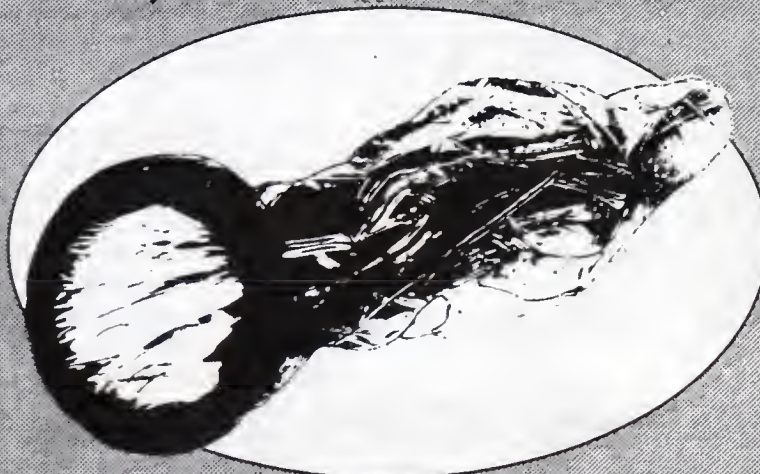
JUST JOKING!!!!

You don't always get the last word!!

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2000 Perforations to let the flavour come through!

Redeem this coupon for One Free Tetley Condom While Supplies Last in Health Services.



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The Return of Pierre

Good Afternoon, and happy April One! To all those who have been grieving over the loss of Pierre since Christmas - GET A LIFE! I have very much enjoyed reviving Pierre for April Fools Day. It is the perfect end to a very strange year! I would like to place a disclaimer on this edition. Some people (Terri & Mark) will most likely take offense. What can I say? These letters are a bag O' fun! Have a safe summer! May all your condoms never burst, and may all your screams be those of ecstasy! Forever.....

Pierre!



Dear Pierre,
Whenever I beat up nomosexuals I get an erection. Is there anything wrong with me?
Homer Fobick

Dear Homer,
No....but I think you mean "beat off!" not "beat up" you stupid fuck!
Pierre

Dear Pierre,
What does Pepsi's new slogan "Gotta Have It" really refer to?
Just eurious,
Terri McMillan

Terri -you ignorant slut,
I thought you had a brain. It means just what it says. If you don't understand that then I suggest that you never leave home without a condom.
Love, Pierre
P.S. How about a date?

Dear Pierre,
Whenever I eat asparagus and take a piss, there is such an odour, why is that?
Love my greens

Dear Mark Green,
Haven't you got something better to do?

Dear Pierre,
Last week I was taking a shower in the athletic centre men's change room when I suddenly lost consciousness. I woke up and found six guys pissing on me and laughing. I was really embarrassed so I didn't tell anyone. Is this a crime? And can I press charges. I see these guys regularly in the pub but we never make eye contact. Since then I never change or shower at the athletic centre.
P.S. I am a Gemini.
Size seven poop shoot

Dear Seven,
No, pissing in the shower is not a crime but it should be. The real crime is that they would let a guy like you into the athletic centre. I know the guys who took a leak on you and they said you was asking for it.

Pierre
P.S. How many letters are you gonna write, Mark?

Dear Pierre,
I am not a student here at Laurentian, I am a female office cleaner in the R.D. Parker buildings. I have a secret that I am dying to tell someone. I was naked and cleaning Jack Porters office one night (I like to "sweep in the nude"), when I stumbled over a receipt for a \$1300.00 desk chair with Jack Porters name on it. I thought someone should know. Naked in Ross Pauls Office

Dear Naked
Thanks for the tip. Write me another letter with your phone number included so that we can get together and discuss your unique cleaning methods.
Pierre

Dear Pierre,
How are you?
Female Bearded and Happy

Dear Happy,
I'm dead, suffering from sever rigor mortis, my dick rotted off, I'm cold, and I only get pleasure from my one remaining testicle. But I am doing a hell of a lot better than you you fucking waste of a good pair of tits.
Love Pierre

Dear Pierre,
As a prison inmate I spend a lot of time alone and if I want to "get off" I do the responsible thing and "pleasure myself". I discovered something that absolutely blows my balls all over my borrowed copy of Big Jugs magazine, (thanks President GREEN). What I do is wrap a wire around my erect prick and run it up to the light socket in the ceiling, I then sit on the sink with the spout turned up and inserted in my rectum. At the height of stroking, with the water running, I hit the light switch and watch as gallons and gallons of come fountains everywhere. Just thought you would be interested.
Lighting up my night.
P.S. Flood the north! I need the Great Whale Hydro Quebec Power project.

Dear Light,
I am interested. With more guys like you around all the mines in Elliot Lake would be up and running. I would like to know if you

would suggest a bulb wattage or wire guage. I tried your suggestion with a few friends of mine and we are all agreed that a low wattage bulb brings a more sustained climax and a heavier gauge wire, for example bass guitar string, adds a tingling sensation.
Your Pal on the outside -Pierre

Dear Pierre,
There is this guy that I work with, who in his own words is "egotistical, demanding, arrogant, self-righteous, and he always thinks he's right", and who usually looks like a bum, and therefore is not attractive. Today he wore a nice double-breasted (just like mom!) jacket and flower power tie. It sent tingles up and down my stiff prick! Wow! What should I tell my girlfriend...just wondering!
B.M.W. (Blow my Wad)

Dear Wad,
So, wait 'til he's not paying attention, get ready, and run up and blow it all over him.....give that jacket some style!
He'll love you forever!
Pierre

Dear Pierre,
Last Thursday I went to City Lights. Dancing on the stage was a picture of eroticism, with long flowing blonde hair, voluptuous boobs, and a body that would make Christie Brinkley look like Roseanne Barr (Arnold!). Yes, In SUDBURY! NO MOUSTACHE EITHER. She reminded me of one of the girls out of a copy of BIG JUGGS magazine that I borrowed- (Thanks Mark!). I took her home to my place, and in her pants I found that she had the equivalent of a small tree between her thighs. She had either underwent a live-organ transplant, or she.....no he.....just had an organ. Although I have to admit the organ was quite impressive, it has been quite a large "blow" to my ego! Thought you'd want to know!
Scared - Titillated and Disillusioned!!

Dear S.T.D.,
Yes Virginia- there are hermaphrodites in Sudbury! In fact, some guy was on the cover of a local newspaper telling everyone about his several parts!

First of all.....if this organ was so "Large" as you put it.....you should have noticed it from at least thirty feet.

Secondly, I'm sure after you got your first dose of whisker burn, you weren't so "in the dark"! SO, in conclusion.....take your lumps (or your "stumps"!) however, (wherever & whenever) you like them, and don't try to clear your conscience with letters to ole' Pierre!
Pecker-dly yours!
Pierre

Dear Pierre,
I am writing because I have to confess! I am the one who bought the \$1300 chair. Yes! I wasted student money on an ostentatious piece of furniture. My mother always said, "You just can't get by on a cheap \$1000 chair.....It has to be worth at least \$1300!" of course, that was before the ORGAN transplant! Anyways, I wasted the student money, on something frivolous. It's just a good thing no-one found out that we bought thirty more for the secretarial pool! Whew! I hope you have some words that can ease my guilty mind!

JACK PORTER REGISTRAR

P.S. Pierre, Please withhold my name. Sign it "Just pissing myself with glee!"
Thanks loads!

Dear Jack!
Oops! You know LAMBDA and their typos! Pierre

Dear Pierre!
Did you ever see Total Recall? You know that girl with the three boobs in that movie. Well, I have four, in S.S.R.! I'm always afraid to take off my bra(s)! I'm afraid I'll be called a freak! What do you think?
Double Breasted

Dear Double,
Two boobs.....Four boobs....Six boobs.....I still only have one tongue! Hope that helps! Pierre!

Cyclopaths!!!

If you haven't been dodging snowmobiles out on the trails this winter, it's time to dust off the old mountain bike and get on it.

There is nothing more exhilarating than screaming down a grassy ski hill at break-neck speeds to your almost certain death. Or climbing a 70 degree hill and snapping a chain halfway up. Forget the road; if you're not bleeding by the end of the run you're not having fun.

If this sounds like the things you love to do then you're in luck... This year, in Sudbury, local enthusiasts are organizing a Mountain Biking Club. Their goal is to "promote safe and fun mountain biking for all categories of riding". What this means is that any level of rider is encouraged to join the club, from beginners to experienced riders. The riding schedule is organized so those who are interested in racing or in a higher fitness level don't have to be held back by the beginning riders.

The club rides will start in April on Tuesday nights and there will be extended rides on Sunday mornings. Every second Thursday is scheduled as 'race night' for those who wish to improve their racing skills such as hill climbing, downhills, sprints, and other technical points.

In addition to the regular weekly rides, weekend outings are scheduled throughout the summer. On Sunday, May 24th, there will be a fun run from the North Bay ski-hill to the Mattawa ski-hill. In July, there is a ride in Elliot Lake and on August 16th the Muskoka area will be the club's destination.

For those of you who have two left hands, a bicycle maintenance/repair workshop is available to club members. The three two hour sessions are spread out between May and July.

But not everything is dirt and sweat. A pub night will be held at a local watering-hole so the members can get to know each other in a different social setting.

Membership for this club is a measly 15 dollars. It is a member-run club, so any ideas or suggestions you might have would be welcomed. Members are numbered at about 20 and counting.

The following individuals will be more than glad to talk to you about the club, it's events, mountain biking in general or how to become a member of the club.

Marc Brouillette522-5730

Andre Duguay.....673-9037

Jason C. Davis and Audrey Robitaille

THE MAIL ORDER BRIDE

by Robert Clinton

A fresh and inventive look at an important part of Canadian history the pioneering prairie farmers and the women who married them—sight unseen

We are proud to present THE MAIL ORDER BRIDE as our major production of the year. It is not only a highly entertaining piece of modern theatre, it is also a timely reminder of our collective roots and the debt we owe to those who took a chance on Canada.

DON'T MISS IT!!

Where: Alphonse Raymond Auditorium, Laurentian University

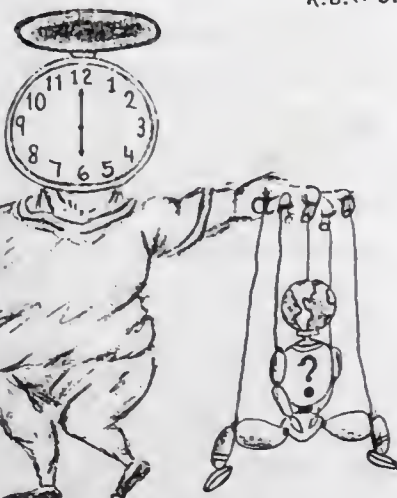
When: April 8,9,10,11 at 8:00 p.m.

Tickets: \$10 and 5\$ (students)

Phone: 673-1730

Who? or What?
Is on the wall,
If all that we've
Become is
"Time servers"

* Big old Mr. Clock
never sleeps, but
makes us close
our eyes to
a little of
what we have
left.
If you try
to understand
one stops the
theft and
closes the hand.
Capturing
-Real Living-



University Health Fair



Shown in this picture are Martine Delage and Louise Chenard, co-ordinators of the Health Fair, and Lyne Rivet, Registered Nurse at Laurentian University's Health Services.

On behalf of Laurentian University's Health Services, we would like to thank all those who participated in the Health Fair on March 17 in the Bowling Alley. Your participation made this Health Fair a success. As well, we would like to take the opportunity to publicly thank all our generous sponsors.

LOEB IGA
Marriot Foods
SGA
AEF
L.U. Bookstore
Muirheads
Greenleaf Cafe
Casey's Restaurant
Odeon
Gazette

City Centre
Southridge Mall
City Centre Cinemas
Coca Cola Bottling
It Store
Shaughnessy's
Arby's
Q 92
Pizza Hut
Lambda

Coles Bookstore
Scott's Chicken Villa
McDonalds
Parallels
Foot Locker
Bandito Video
The Shop
Harvey's Restaurant
Labatt's

Martine Delage and Louise Chenard

**The NSSA Year End Banquet
Will be Held at the
Alder Hall on April 4, 1992
Dinner and Dance Starting at
5:00p.m.**

\$15.00 per person

\$5.50 12 yrs. and under

Dance--\$5.00 paid at door

See any executive member for tickets

Endless Rebuttals: The Response

Oh what a year it has been! Full of questions and controversy. I wish to write an article similar to that written by Chris Land in last weeks paper. I originally planned to have a biting, sarcastic year in review, then I felt that would accomplish little and also I haven't next year (and probably a few more!) to be sarcastic. Some people may feel that this is a cowardly article since I am writing this for the last issue. Maybe you're right, but it's my article and don't fault me for trying to get the last word. If people don't want to be offended or bored with my analysis, turn the page now. I'll start off with a general response to all those pleasant commentaries and opinions voiced by the readers and staff of *Lambda*. At one point this year, I was compared to Gorbachev, it is quite ironic that both of us will soon be out of politics. It is however my sincere hope that Mr. Clarke have much more success than that guy called Boris. During the course of the year, I have been told I am out of touch and that I should step aside for more progressive leadership. Well, I may be, and I am. Please realize it is easy for the president to lose touch, and it is up to you the students to ensure that your voice is heard by talking to Ted and his executive. Ted's idea of president's corner is a huge step forward to increase communications between the SGA and its members. The process will be in place and now it is up to you to use it. It is up to all of you as members of the SGA to

ensure that the new executive is more progressive than this year's executive. The most effective form of communication is one on one, so go meet with the SGA executive in the student centre and take the time to talk to them. Realize that there is a certain rational behind every decision. This doesn't mean that they are "dancing around" an issue. Don't be afraid to stand up for what you believe in and don't get discouraged when fighting for.

Another hot topic over the past little while was the elections. The cover of *Lambda* was the catalyst for almost 6 weeks of controversy and student feedback. I may not agree with what occurred but I love the response that it brought about. For the first time in 3 years at Laurentian University, students voiced their opinion in mass. I have NO intention of apologizing, as requested by some members of LOCS, for the decision that the CRO made, or the election executive's decision to back her. Ted Clarke has the right to campaign with the campaign materials or platform of his choice. There are of course limitations such as hate literature, racist, sexist or anything -ist. Off-campus-ist? (new term!) maybe. The CRO operated the elections under the guidelines laid out by the constitution and by-laws and approved posters accordingly. Should there be a policy listing acceptable campaign materials? Yes. Encouraging Ted not to run the poster in question would not have been appropriate. Ted's

poster was inflammatory, as were some other campaign material for other candidates. If I had advised Ted on this poster, I would not have remained impartial. I will apologize for the SGA not having a campaign policy, but not for the stand taken in its absence.

I also should have a thank you section of this wrap up. To Chris Land, thank you for improving the quality of *Lambda* as well as stirring-up the pot on a lot of issues. Without Chris' leadership, *Lambda* would be the waste of trees that it was in the past few years. Don't get me wrong, *Lambda* has a long way to go, but due to Chris and his staff, it is in the right direction. To LOCS, sorry LOCS/EHCL, thanks for raising my, as well as the rest of campus', awareness of off-campus concerns. To Dr. Ross Paul, for listening to students and respecting our views, we are very lucky to have this man as our president for the next few years. To Pierre Perreault for the work put in during the student centre opening, along with being a consistent pain in the butt. A special thanks to the guy who took as much shit or more than I did, Dan Roy. The difference is that I had the ability to control my own destiny in term of getting dumped on, Dan didn't. For an individual to continue with a position that has no decision making abilities but gets all the blame, I have respect. He may be a masochist or just stupid, but one who deserves respect. Above all, thanks to the executive and staff

of the SGA. Without Terri, Bryon, Tracy, Moe Dan and Michelle, the SGA could not have accomplished all that we did this year. To all of you I tip my hat.

I know what some of you are thinking, What in the hell did the SGA do for ME! Did the SGA address all of the concerns brought to us this year? NOT! In retrospect, I am happy with the year that has been, not for what we did not accomplish, but for what it did. The SGA has made advances in the following areas:

- improved off-campus representation on the SGA board
- established extensive modifications to the operational structures of the SGA and executive
- implementation of the Laurentian Student Security walk home program, as well as the SGA Help program
- opening of the student centre
- equalization of college fee system
- establishment of an ombudsperson and off campus office
- improvements to parking facilities (a drop in the bucket, I know)
- reviving of the Homecoming Tradition
- establishment of a spring break trip control policy
- one hell of a Carny Week
- shut down the downtown core one afternoon in October
- purchased more than 12 hours of nation wide coverage on MuchMusic for Laurentian for only \$35,000 (hey, it's my article, I can explain Endless Summer any way I want!)

In no way do I be-

lieve that we have solved the above problems but we have started the ball rolling. There are hundreds of other topics that were not even addressed let alone solved. I promise that it was due to lack of time and not lack of intent.

In conclusion, best of luck to Ted and his executive, they should have a great year. I disagree with Chris Land and his prejudgement of Ted. The student's of Laurentian should wait at least until he is in office before they condemn him for his abilities. Give Ted a chance to prove his skills and make his own impression before you judge him. He deserves that right. I look forward to returning to the life of a student, and chances are it will take the rest of my life to complete my career as a student! I now slink back under my rock in UC and live the remainder of my years at Laurentian in the shadows. That is of course if I don't become suicidal first! Thanks to all of you who voted for me one year ago, I hope I didn't let you down. To those of you that didn't vote (for me) as Veno said, don't bitch...frosch excluded of course

Hopefully Chris(es), Land and Robson and I will get together over a few beers and set up our empire in exile. What do ya think, a renegade politically off-campus oriented student newspaper, that dances around the issues! Now that's a thought. P.S. Chris I may not be getting laid, but I still have my Hair?

Mark Green

From the Editor's Desk: On With the New

Piotr Przychodzki

It has been a most fascinating year for *Lambda* and its staff membership. It was a year of rebuilding from about four years of neglect. At the beginning, there were only stacks of documents and some back issues from the years gone by. The staff was rather confused about how to approach this problem. There was no sound financial base of the previous year. The constitution was outdated and had not been strictly followed for a few years. All editors were rather fresh and did not have an idea how to accomplish their job. Layout was done almost exclusively by hand and the computers we did use were outdated and unreliable. There was a shortage of volunteers; there were none. The determination of the handful to improve the *status quo* was the only factor. From then on it was a success. Although it was far from being a smooth ride; we managed to put together a publication. Every issue should have had a sheet of mistakes in all areas of production, writing and photography attached. Yet, gradually we started getting better. It seems that every new issue got a little better. It was a start of a virtuous circle. Gradually, people started contributing and sending letters. First strictly complaining about the poor quality of this paper, then about other matters. We gradually became the public forum that we aspired to be. Currently, it seems to be rather fashionable to verbally bash each other and publicly moralize on anything on the pages of *Lambda*. That is the base. Upon this base, we started building some actual journalistic content.

The staff member-

ship has also increased by over 100% since a year ago. It seems like we have people on daily basis coming in and asking if they could contribute. To all of you who have, thank you.

In the fall, four staffers attended a regional Canadian University Press conference; in the middle of the Christmas holidays, a record number of three attended the CUP 54 national conference. In February, a team of three examined the two student publications in Ottawa to recognize what could be utilized in *Lambda* from these papers. We learned a lot. Our recruiting almost exploded shortly after.

However, before we had the deluge of contribu-

tors there was a financial audit. Thanks to our financial director, we passed in flying colors. Ask the SGA, they're jealous. We also amended the old constitution, and since March 27 ratification; we've been gradually in the process of putting it into use. In the middle of all that we faced turbulent elections. Turbulent because there were as many as four people running for one position. The competition was unprecedented. The new elected staff is ambitious and I could not begin to tell you all that is in store for next year because it would fill up half of this issue.

As for the last years staff they should be congratulated because they have left a financially and constitutionally secure base for next year. It's

fortunate, because the next years staff will be able to actually work on the content of the paper. That will be refreshing.

It will be even more refreshing because the new staff is not starting from zero; like we did last year. As we face new and exciting territory of future experience the same old mistakes won't be made. We'll be making entirely new ones. However, it is certain that we will be better. Yet, I have no promise of miracles, nor visions of grandeur, only hard and consistent work leading to a steady improvement. You can complain. We'll listen and work.

Just for the record,... shortly after the editor-in-chief elections results were known, I asked Chris if he wanted to split the posi-

tion in two. We could have worked as co-editors. Unfortunately, his answer was a definite "no". He believed that it was better for one person to make editorial decisions. I thought about it and now came to totally support his view. Yet, I do know that this is not the last time will here of Mr. Land or from Mr. Land. Whatever one may think of his editorial policy, he is a very capable writer. It is my sincere hope that he will put it to organizing the creative writing circle that Laurentian needs so desperately in bringing about its talent.

Until next edition, kick in your exams and enjoy the summer. To those who will not be returning, good luck. The reality break is over.

Open Letter

This letter is in regards to your Complaint Form". Well I have complained about parking lot #9. I was hung up on by physical plant after being told if we students didn't park there all the time then they could plow it. I then asked the woman where else she would like me to park without getting a ticket as I live in U.C. When I called your office I was told they, the SGA, had nothing to do with parking. I'm tired of hearing this.

I pay \$100 a year for a spot that has never been plowed. When I call the CAA, twice, they have refused to come into the lot to help me, see they would get their tow trucks stuck. So you say you will respond well how, by telling me there isn't too much you can do. I am very upset at the treatment I have received due to my mere status as a student

Security has told me to complain they have nothing

to do with plowing. To whom I ask. To whom. I feel the complete moron who suggested a \$100 fee for a parking lot that is rarely plowed and when it is yes I am plowed in. They never posted a sign I would have gladly moved my car for a day.

It is the end of the year and I began complaining after the first big snowfall. Every parking lot was plowed before #9. That is not an exaggeration. I called to question this action.

I was told the guys had gone home for the day. That is no answer. Does anyone have an answer? I think not. It is merely a money making scheme for the University. It is not enough they gouge me for tuition, lectures from profs who can hardly speak English, a monopoly on bookstore prices and incidental fees. God only knows what this is for. Maybe losing my registration form and charging me priority post to send me another?

The SGA is accepting applications for the following positions:

GRAPHIC ARTIST

- Monday to Friday
- contract position to run from May 1st to August 31st
- rate \$6.20 per hour
- experience and bilingualism an asset
- experience with MacIntosh computer an asset

General Duties

- to prepare the SGA handbook
- to prepare all art work for frosh week
- to prepare art work for upcoming activities (1st term)
- to design SGA logo
- liaison with all advertisers in the SGA publications

SALES PERSON

- Monday to Friday
- contract position to run from May 1st to August 31st
- rate \$6.00 per hour, plus a commission package
- experience and bilingualism an asset
- must have own transportation

General Duties

- to sell ads in SGA handbook
- liaison with graphic artist
- responsible for all contracts

For an interview call: Dan Roy, SGA, Laurentian University, 673-6547

VOYAGEURS ATHLETIC AWARDS

THE "BEST OF THE BEST" ARE REWARDED

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

This award is given to outstanding first year players and is presented at the discretion of each team.

Track and Field - Jackie Dore & Marc Proulx

Volleyball- Dean Anderson

Hockey- Rob Watson

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

These awards are presented to the individual selected by the team members as being most valuable to their team.

Nordic Skiing- Wendy Davis

Field Hockey - Lyne Miron & Sharon O'Brien

Track & Field - Maureen Stapleton

Basketball - Sue Stewart

Cross Country Running- Maureen Stapleton

Swimming - Jody Nicholson

Curling - Karen Semeniuk

MALE

Soccer- James McLaren & Karle Franke

Cross Country Running- Mark Dean

Swimming- Dave Chisholm

Nordic Skiing- Gareth Jones

Track & Field- Mark Dewan

Volleyball- Phil Rehberg

Basketball- Norm Hann

Curling- Robert Carter

Hockey- Glenn Greenbough (Awarded to the hockey player combining ability and sportsmanship as exemplified by his conduct on and off the ice)

OWIAA ALL STARS

These awards recognize outstanding performances and are selected by the coaches in that sport in Ontario

Basketball- Martha Sandilands, Tracey Phelps, & Sue Stewart

Nordic Skiing- Wendy Davis, Patti Murphy, & Shannon Dunn

Field Hockey- Lyne Miron

Indoor Field Hockey- Lyne Miron

Basketball- OWIAA East MVP - Sue Stewart

Basketball- Coach of the Year - Peter Ennis

OUAA ALL STARS

These awards recognize outstanding performances and are selected by the coaches in that sport in Ontario.

Soccer- Eric Frost & Nick Milanovitch

Nordic Skiing- Eric Finstad & Gareth Jones

Basketball - Norm Hann, Brad Hann, & John Campbell

CIAU ALL STARS

These awards recognize outstanding performances and are selected by the coaches in that sport in Canada.

Soccer- Nick Milanovitch

Basketball- Sue Stewart

The CIAU Outstanding Women's Basketball Player and winner of the Nann Copp Award- Sue Stewart

GRADUATING AWARDS

These plaques are given to graduating athletes in recognition of 3 or more years participating on the same team.

Soccer- Karle Franke, Neil Crawford, Nick Milanovitch, & Van Zorbas

Basketball- Tracey Phelps, Sue Foy, & Laurie Lovell

Swimming- Jenni Calford

Nordic Skiing- Natalie Farmer

Curling- Karen Semeniuk

Cross Country- Annette Gregson

Field Hockey- Pam Hartnett, Joanne Whitten, Sharon O'Brien, Ginette Michel, Lorna Howlett

Volleyball- Kurtis Van Wallegham, Marc Clancy

Basketball- Dwayne Rivard & Brad Austing

Swimming- Steve Russell, Adrian Gedy, & Marc St. Aubin

Nordic Ski- Gareth Jones, Greg Watson, Chris Blair

Curling- Chris Blair

Cross Country- Shawn McCardle

Hockey- Jay Richardson

VOYAGEUR AWARDS

This award is presented to those students athletes graduating who made outstanding contributions to athletics throughout their university career.

Soccer - Van Zorbas

Basketball - Dwayne Rivard

Basketball - Louise Boulanger

Basketball - Tracey Phelps

SPECIAL VOYAGEUR AWARDS

This prestigious award is given to individuals who have made an outstanding contribution to Laurentian and the Department of Athletics.

EDDIE GORC

GINETTE MICHEL

ATHLETE OF THE YEAR

This award is given to the outstanding male and female in Laurentian Athletics.

SUE STEWART- Basketball

GARETH JONES- Nordic Skiing

ATHLETIC BANQUET IS BAG O' FUN

On Wednesday, March 25th, the final chapter of the 1991-1992 athletic season was written at the Caruso Club. The year-end banquet brought all the teams together (except the volleyball players who were in Florida) to celebrate a successful season.

Laurentian accumulated four provincial titles (men's and women's nordic skiing, soccer, and women's basketball) along with a bronze in women's indoor field hockey. On the national level it was a year of thirds for Laurentian. The soccer Vees, who dominated the OUAA, didn't lose a game at the nationals but finished with a bronze. The Lady Vees, despite numerous injuries, also finished with a bronze. A pair of athletes in individual sports captured bronze at their respective CIAU's. Lianne Archibault won bronze in the shot put and Dave Chisholm swam to bronze in both the 200m fly and the 400m IM at the CIAU's. By the way, don't athletes that medal at the CIAU's quylaify as CIAU all-stars? How about those that medal at OUAA's and OWIAA's?

The race for athletes of the year was perhaps most up for grabs. The men had many to choose from: Norm Hann, OUAA all-time leading scorer; Nick Milanovich, who led the soccer team to bronze; Gareth "Bull" Jones, who led the ski team to a 4th consecutive OUAA title; and David Chisholm, who won two bronzes at the CIAU's. All were MVP's for their respective teams and worthy of male Athlete of the Year. When the smoke cleared it was Gareth Jones walking up to the podium. Gareth was happy as the award took him by surprise and took a day to sink in.

On the women's side the top candidates were: Sue Stewart, CIAU women's basketball player of the year; Wendy Davis, who led the the women's ski team to an OWIAA title and undefeated the whole season in all events; and Lianne Archibault, who won a CIAU bronze in shotput. Sue Stewart won her first female Athlete of the Year award.

Besides Athletes of the Year, other awards winners include the team MVP's:

The OUAA/OWIAA/CIAU all-star awards were also given out although a few medalists were not included:

The Voyageur awards are given to graduating athletes who contributed to their sport and the athletic department. This year's recipients were Dwayne Rivard (basketball), Louise Belanger (basketball), Tracy Phelps (basketball), and Van Zorbas (soccer). There should have been more than four as a few other deserving people seem to have been overlooked.

The special Voyageur award went to Eddie ? from Eddie's Restaurant and ?

With the end of the awards and hunger having been cured before hand by an excellent meal, the athletes saw an interesting slide show highlighting the season and life around sport. The music then started, the bar opened, and the athletes started a new workout.

Things to look forward to or why Laurentian will have a good year in 92-93:

-the Hann brothers and 10 pituitary gland freaks will be back

-Diane Norman and Sue Foy being healthy plus Nana Robinson back (?) plus Sue Stewart

-Dave Chisholm is only first year

Wendy Davis is only second year

These are just a few of them. Thanks for this year and good luck next year.

LAVALLEVILLE

You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll hurl, in Lavallé world.

Currently at "Salle Jubilee, 195 Applegrove St., this french play satires one man's escape from modern day life in 1974. Albert Lavallé is the leader of this troop who have settled themselves in northern ontario. The play centers itself around the life and and times of Adolphe Ambrope Adele et Diane Lavallé as well as the outsider Cyrbantigne Lariproure.

The play came across very well in presenting early franco-ontarion attitudes. Each actor portrayed the feelings felt by the characters effectively to the audience. The singing provided an interesting twist with lack of instruments as well as making the audience feel as though they were in tune (pardon the pun) with the message.

All in all we recommend students take the opportunity to view and support "Theatre Nouvel-Ontario (TNO)" and their cause.

Steve Langdon

Ian Munro

Krazy Freaks From Laurentian

by Kim Malone

Watch out you life guards! Laurentian University, for the first time, participated in the Ontario University Life-guard Championship and kicked butt. Last weekend they hopped on the bus to Queens, only to be expected a top six placing. This rookie team came first in the First Aid event, second in Emergency Situation, second in Spinal and Submerged victim, seventh in Relays and eleventh in priorities. This power house came in second place overall, beating the home team! The "KFFL" team involved two rookies, Charlotte Fisher and Cathy Gerome. They were lead by coach Matthew Routh, followed by Chris Renaud. The team would like to thank all who supported there victory. CONGRATS!!!



FOURTH ANNUAL 3 ON 3 B-BALL TOURNEY A SUCCESS!

According to those who attended the Fourth Annual 3 on 3 Basketball Tournament, held on Saturday, March 14, 1992, it turned out to be a great success.

Games began at 9:00am with 6 men's teams battling for the championship. At 10:00am the 4 women's teams took to the courts.

The women's final game came down to the "Flying Turtles" defeating the "PHAD'S", with Denise Carrière being voted MVP.

In the men's division "Huntington Hawks" displayed an impressive 5-0 record in regular round robin play, and advancing to the finals to meet "City dwellers". "Huntington Hawks" once again won lead by Mark Cain, who was voted MVP.

During a lunch break, provided by LOEB IGA, a shootout was held to determine the tournaments best shooters. Shelly Searle won for the women, and Steve Dixon took top honors for the men.

The tournament co-ordinators would like to thank volunteers, Kim Aitkenhead, Nicki Balfour, Jason Butler, Lesley Cox, Joy Goodzeck, Dara Shaw, and Paul Thivierge for all their help, and also thank the following organizations for their support and contributions:

- The Sweatshop
- LOEB IGA
- City Centre Cinemas
- Louheed Flowers
- Holiday Lanes & Billiards

VEES APPRECIATION DAY AND L.U. SUPERSTARS COMPETITION

FRIDAY APRIL 3RD AT BEN AVERY CENTRE

TIME (P.M.)
6:30 - 7:00
7:00 - 7:30
7:35 - 8:05
8:10 - 8:40
8:45 - 9:15
9:20 - 9:50

MALES

WEIGH IN AND ATHLETES MEETING
SPRINT
BENCH PRESS
BASKETBALL
VOLLEYBALL SERVE
FOOTBALL TOSS

FEMALES

BENCH PRESS
SPRINT
VOLLEYBALL
BASKETBALL SHOOT
FOOTBALL TOSS

SATURDAY APRIL 4TH OUTSIDE BEN AVERY PHYS ED CENTRE

11:30 - 1:00

OBSTACLE COUSE

OBSTACLE COURSE

OUTSIDE PUB
4:00

FREE BARBEQUE!
INITIATION OF NEW SGA EXECUTIVES!
REVENGE ON THIS YEAR'S SGA COUNCIL!
3-PIECE SUIT IN THE PUB!

COME OUT TO SEE LU'S GREATEST GREATEST ATHLETES AND HAVE FUN PARTICIPATING IN THE EVENTS OF THE LAST BIG NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS!!!!

WE
DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
TO
PUT
HERE
!
ANY
SUGGES-
TIONS?
READ
CHER
PIERRE

THORNLOE PRESENTS

MAIL ORDER BRIDE

Thornloe Theatre Arts is delighted to announce its major Spring production, The Mail Order Bride, by Robert Clinton.

The Mail Order Bride is a fresh and inventive look at an important part of Canadian history: the pioneering prairie farmers and the women who married them—sight unseen—and raised their children. It is not only a highly entertaining piece of modern theatre, it is also a reminder of our collective roots and the debt we owe to those who took a chance on Canada.

The play presents a tapestry of family life through four generations. From our own perspective in 1992, when the family farm anywhere in Canada is becoming an endangered way of life, we witness the callous disregard of a

young generation for the sacrifices of those who struggled to preserve the land for their families. In the process, we learn the value of those sacrifices and perhaps some appreciation for those who made them.

The Mail Order Bride, is produced by the faculty of Theatre Arts at Thornloe College:

Director: Dennie Theodore

Producer: R. Kerry White

Choreographer: Madeleine Azzola

Technical Director: Robert Ivey

The production will run from **April 8 to April 11** at 8:00p.m. in the Alphonse Raymond Auditorium, Laurentian University.

Tickets: \$10.00 general, \$5.00 for seniors and students.

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Lambda

Back Page

PIERRE ENDS THE YEAR ON A SERIOUS NOTE

When I came to LAMBDA in early September 1991, I had no idea how involved I would become. The people I first remember meeting all seemed very strong willed, idealistic, stubborn, friendly, driven, and even a bit eccentric. That's probably exactly what they thought of me too!

In all the time that has passed since those warm September days, I have personally learned many things. I have learned team work. This was not like the cashiers job in the Grocery Store on Student Street. We had fifteen people with individual ideas, battling it out on a weekly basis on every subject from political ideology to which story would be upper left.....to whether or not Chris should ever, ever show anyone his ass again!

Working for the student paper was about making new friends, not just in the office but across the entire campus. The paper had to be informative, interesting and entertaining to keep that friendship. Looking at volumes of LAMBDA from years-gone-by it is quite obvious that for the first year in a very, very long time (if not ever) LAMBDA has done exactly that.

Sure. We had our typos, our errors, our glitches and bugs, but most students at this school do find something in LAMBDA worth reading every week. The talents and efforts of the people in this office have achieved this. Most comments that I hear today, are how much better LAMBDA is this year, and the bitching has been somewhat...well...moderate! (Right Mark, Dave, Ian, Kevin, Steve, Terri, Chris, Ted, Mike, etc.???)

If anything, we were not complacent! We didn't hide behind the office door. We printed what we all thought was right! As a group! We stirred the pot and I personally had a lot of fun doing it!

The front cover of LAMBDA, Volume 30, Number 25, the last edition for the 1991-92 scholastic year has a personal message for everyone who works here. It is one of pride and of accomplishment. From Endless Summer and Endless Money in our earliest editions to Endless Rebuttal in this one, and from \$1300 Chairs to Several Million Dollar French Vacation education spots, LAMBDA has never

done so well.

You may think I'm just blowing our horn. This is not my point. I think that if more students know what I know about getting involved, whether it be in the SGA, LAMBDA, LOCS or any other organization for that matter, we would have a better campus. Looking at LAMBDA, with the rise in student participation this year and the drastic improvement, it is almost scary to think how excellent student government could be and what we could accomplish with proper participation.

We have ended the year on a flat note here at LAMBDA. Many people have had differences of opinion and personal conflict in our hallowed office. Some people have left and have decided not to return. Some feel this is only to be expected. I think it is too bad.

I personally have my own problems with some of the staff at LAMBDA, and I may never get through them. I don't feel this group will ever be as tight knit as it was in the early part of this year.

I may have lost you all by now because of, my verbose babbling. My message is very much directed to the staff of LAMBDA 1991-92. Take some time over the next few weeks to think about your achievements here at the paper. All who contributed should give themselves a pat on the back. Think how much less the paper would mean to L.U. had you not contributed.

To the outgoing people, I say Adieu! To Chris Land- you should be very proud of all that you've accomplished in improving the paper this year! I want you to know it has been good working with you- You crazy bastard! (Ass stuck to the front of the cover!) But as you said, you were stubborn as hell, and often difficult to argue with 'cause you were always right!

To Jilly-Bean Rodney..& Tina Henderson. What can I say? Well, you always had a smile for all of us! You worked hard in the office and I want you to know that the Production Director(s) appre-

ciated you helping us out with layout all the time!

To Denton. You and your Tuesday afternoons! I could've killed you on several occasions, but you always seemed to get your stuff past me and into the paper! I guess I'm just not very good at being absolute! Don't forget to use that Tanning lotion eh?

To Siobhan Kari and Mike Stevenson! You guys were both fun to work with....even though Sio and I didn't always agree, I was glad I got to know you better. Mike....the voice of reason! Always calm & collected and watching me go off the deep end, spewing at the rest of the staff.....Its been fun!

To Steve Kean....I have only a little advice from ole' C.P. (you know who--once a former Prime Minister). Try and go slow on steep hills and don't eat yellow snow!

Steve Holmes: You and Chris are a lot alike....you are both right a lot of the time! NOT! Just kidding! May your darkroom always be clean my friend!

To Mark Green! You've been fun to write about! You have a great sense of humour and long after you are out of office, I think that will give me reason enough to continue to hack you up! At least next year we won't have you coming in here at 7:00 P.M. on a Production Tuesday with a fourteen page rebuttal saying "uh....can you guys put this in?" I just want you to know how lucky you are that Mike was around....just kidding!

To all those returning next year, Marlene & Piotr & Steve, and all of our newcomers; Jason, Luciano, Kim, Chris, Dale, Steve & Katrina, I just want you to finish what was started this year. Keep improving the paper and above all don't let your grades fall into the toilet.....find a healthy balance!

To all of the people I have become friends with since joining this clan; I wish you all the best in the years to come. May you succeed in everything you try, and may you always be, as coined by Alex McGregor, "Wretched Ink Spots!"

Robert Elliott
Production Director 1991-92

LAMBDA

PUBLICATIONS

Laurentian University's official
Student Press Since 1961

Lambda is the Official weekly student newspaper of, by, and for the students of Laurentian University. Lambda is funded through a direct student levy by the members of the Student's General Association, yet remains editorially autonomous for all University organizations, both student and administrative.

Lambda is a member of Canadian University Press (CUP) and as a member respects and upholds the CUP Statement of Principles and Code of Ethics.

The Lambda Forum is governed by an open letter policy. However, we will not print any material which is deemed racist, sexist, homophobic, libellous, or in bad taste. All letters must bear the author's full name, however, printing of names may be withheld upon request.

Staff membership is open to all members of the Laurentian University community and is contingent upon the publication of three contributions, or fifteen hours of volunteer work per half term.

COPY DEADLINE:
FRIDAY AT 12:00 NOON

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LC (loose cannon)

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Produce Department
Robert Elliott Trudeau
Michael "I'm Not Responsible For Any of This" Stevenson
Typesetters Igor Divjak
Jason Leach
Francesca Morabito
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Editor Denton "I'm Really Italian" Anthony
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